

FUN FOR FRENCH VISITORS

SIGHT-SEEING UP THE HUDSON AND EAST RIVERS.

THE ENTERTAINMENT PROVIDED FOR THE OFFICERS OF THE ISÈRE AND LA FLORE BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

"Three cheers for the Eye-Sore!" shouted the small boy in the dilapidated clothes at Wall-Street Ferry yesterday. Nobody had the least idea what the urchin meant until five minutes later, when gradually, but with quiet dignity, a crowd of well dressed gentlemen began to assemble outside the ferry. "Hurrah for the Iseree!" screamed another small boy, and, as this enlightened pronunciation of the French vessel's title was heard, the people in South-street at once recognized the fact that the crowd of well dressed men were members of the Chamber of Commerce, and that they had assembled for the purpose of escorting the officers of the Isère and La Flore round the harbor. For 20 minutes, by the Wall-Street Ferry clock, the cry was still "They come! they come!" and at 1 P. M. fully 250 gentlemen were waiting for the ferryboat Atlantic.

"Here she comes!" cried Gen. Stone, who was major domo of the occasion. "Come along, gentlemen. En avant. Hurry up, and take your French along with you." In came the ferryboat Atlantic, looking as ferryboat rarely does look. All the room usually designed for the accommodations of passengers was stacked with cracked ice, champagne bottles, hampers of good things, and conviviality of all descriptions. Bunting and Stars and Stripes waved from every corner and crevice; the French tricolor, used for flavoring purposes, was hung forth in less conspicuous display; the inside of the vessel, usually allotted to horses and wagons, was filled with long tables, positively groaning with eatables, while floral emblems of the Isère and La Flore adorned what one of the gentlemen called the "towt hensemble."

Up went the Wall-street magnates on to the very upper deck of the Atlantic, and there, beneath the spreading shade of a gaudy awning, sat down to contemplate the picture en route for the Isère.

"Eel ay ho," remarked Mr. W. H. Kiernan, with a placid smile born of the firmly rooted conviction that he was indulging in a flow of pure Parisian verbosity.

"None of that, Kiernan," exclaimed Mr. Charles S. Smith, Vice-President of the Chamber. "Can't play it on us. Wait till the Isère folks are here to understand you. Ah, bun joer," he added, as M. Bruwaert Edmont, French Acting Consul-General came up.

"Bon jour, Messieurs," said the polite gentleman. "Quelle belle journée, n'est ce pas?"

"Didn't quite catch your remark," was Mr. Smith's staggered rejoinder. "Forgetting my French now. Know how to speak, but can't understand others. That's all."

"Ah, ve-ry well," said the Consul-General, suavely. "It ces a fine and a butceful day, gentlemen."

The Atlantic slowly steamed from Wall-street, and as the soft green water gurgled pathetically against its base the hearts of the Wall-street potentates were lifted far above things mundane. Then they came in sight of the Isère lying calmly at anchor, and a big greeting went up from the white-trousered men on board the French frigate. Only for a few minutes did the Atlantic stop, and then it was to take on board Capt. de Saulne and the doctor of the Isère. They came up the sides in a somewhat undignified manner, and were cordially welcomed by Gen. Stone, who wore a tiny little red button in his coat, and had combed his characteristic beard until it stood out in an ecstasy of pointedness.

Next in order was a visit to La Flore, on board of which a band was playing as if for dear life. A little rowboat left the vessel and deposited Admiral Lacombe, with a dozen of his officers, on board of the Atlantic. Admiral Lacombe seemed beside himself with pleasurable excitement. His jolly red face beamed prismatically, his white trousers appeared to attract all Old Sol's attention, and as he handled his marine glasses he was the personification of an Admiral of "The Queen's Navee."

After lunch the Atlantic, which had proceeded up the Hudson as far as Yonkers, was turned round again for New-York. As the lunch had occupied nearly all the journey from La Flore to Yonkers, the gentlemen viewed the scenery on the return trip with much interest. Fireworks were sent up, and an oration of a distinctly eloquent character was delivered by Mr. H. B. Perkins, who proclaimed two startling truths—one of which was that France was a republic, while the other claimed the same honor for America. He also ventured upon the assertion that Bartholdi was a great mariner, and that "Liberty Enlightening the World" was a great statue.

Among the gentlemen present were Thomas C. Acton, Gen. Stone, Charles S. Smith, Gen. Horace Porter, ex-Congressman J. S. T. Stranahan, Judge Benedict, Surrogate Bergen, of Brooklyn; George Wilson, Capt. Ambrose Snow, Acting Consul-General Bruwaert Edmont, A. E. Whyland, Lorenzo G. Woodhouse, Cornelius N. Bliss, Josiah M. Fiske, James Stokes, Edward F. Browning, the Hon. Frederick A. Potts, Samuel P. Avery, Albert G. Goodall, H. B. Perkins, A. C. Cheney, George F. Hodgman, Ira E. Thurber, Frederick A. Conkling, John J. Knox, Capt. C. E. Palmer, President Murray, of the United States Bank; Health Commissioner Raymond, of Brooklyn; A. G. Paine, S. W. Fay, A. W. Kingman, A. B. Miller, Anson Phelps Stokes, Gen. Fitz John Porter, and Louis de Bebian. After as many of the gentlemen as desired to be landed at the Battery had been deposited there the Atlantic proceeded up the East River, subsequently leaving the Admiral and his staff, with a floral emblem of La Flore, on that vessel, and the officers of the Isère, with another flower model, upon the frigate.

The French officers had, early yesterday morning, visited the Brooklyn Navy Yard, to return Commodore Chandler's visit. They were, therefore, thoroughly tired out, but happy. To-day they will go to the Coney Island races and to the Delmonico banquet in the evening.